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THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On the 9th of November last the Prince of Wales celebrated his fiftieth birthday. By his special request no public demonstrations were held, but still much interest of a quieter nature has, of course, been manifested. Notwithstanding his faults, which cannot be ignored, the Prince of Wales is respected by many in the United Kingdom and loved by most of those whose love and respect are worth having. He has shown himself always affectionate, generous, kind and considerate both as a son, husband, father, and, more difficult still, as a public man in the most prominent position in the kingdom. Specially distinguished has he been in the wise and constitutional course which he has always taken in all matters of public welfare and he is distinguished as almost the only Prince of Wales who has lived long "on the steps of the throne" without gathering about him numberless malcontents and entering into all sorts of political intrigue.

Perhaps the happiest public event of this generation was the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the beautiful Princess Alexandra of Denmark, on March 11, 1863. No woman in the kingdom is so loved as she. Accomplished, perfectly trained by a wise mother in the art of housekeeping, with a talent for dressmaking and millinery that would have been worth a fortune to her in some walks of life, gentle, womanly, and withal of rare beauty, what should the country do but rejoice from end to end that the heir to Britain's throne had won such a treasure. Looking at her now twenty-eight years after, it is hard to realize that she is the mother of five grown up sons and daughters; she hardly looks a day older than the youngest. The eldest daughter, Princess Louise of Wales, is married to the Duke of Fife, and Prince Albert Victor, the heir to the throne, is engaged to the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck.

A recent writer in the English *Illustrated Magazine* gives an account of the Queen's gardens at Osborne, extracts of which, in this connection, will be read with interest.

These gardens, it seems, are zealously watched and kept strictly guarded from prying eyes. They contain a number of relics of the gardening practices of the present royal family when they were small children, and a number of curiosities collected by these same children, when they had grown up, from all parts of the world. Here are a few extracts:

On the right of the entrance gate stands the children's tool house, built (as a strip of wood in the Queen's handwriting reports) by the hands of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh in 1857. It is still in splendid preservation, for the late Prince Consort always taught his children to do things well. Judging from the large tool house, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh were no mean adepts at carpentering, the boarding of the sides being substantially put together and the gables of the roof morticed in true form; frequently when the Prince of Wales visits the gardens, he looks critically round this shed to see that the joinings are secure. It is kept exactly as it was when the princes and princesses were young, the barrows and garden tools being in an excellent state of preservation.

Each child had a perfect set of tools, with

PRINCESS MAUD. PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR. PRINCESS OF WALES. PRINCE OF WALES. DUCHESS OF FIFE. PRINCE GEORGE. PRINCESS VICTORIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND FAMILY.

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a barrow and waggon, and the Queen had a special waggon for herself, in which the children often drew her about. The initials of each of the royal children are painted on the back of the implements, with the exception of those of Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Albany, who were then very young, and had to put up with a toy horse and cart, and a very small barrow.

The Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught were very fond of building stone and brick work, and their handiwork can be seen in another part of the gardens in the shape of a miniature fortress called the Albert Barracks, which was finished the 2nd of October, 1860. It was under the eye of the Prince Consort these fortifications were commenced, and splendid sham battles were fought here by the children, the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Edinburgh defending their works against the combined attack of their brothers and sisters.

It is an oft-repeated story that sometimes the attack, led by the Prince of Wales, was too much for Prince Alfred and Prince Arthur, who were driven off the battlements into the underground chamber, which was proof against capture, and in which they had a separate store of arms. The fortress is kept in exactly the same order as it was then.

Close to the fortress grows a tree which has one of the most interesting of histories. It is a myrtle, some five feet high, growing luxuriantly, although nipped considerably by last winter's harsh winds. This tree, as the inscription tells us, was grown from a sprig of myrtle taken by the Queen from the Princess Royal's wedding bouquet on the day of her marriage with the late German Emperor. The inscription under the tree states: "Myrtle grown from a sprig of the Princess Royal's marriage nosegay, January 25, 1858. Planted by Queen Victoria, February 18, 1873, in honor of the marriage of her granddaughter, Princess Charlotte of Prussia." The latter was the eldest daughter of the Princess Frederick. Sprays from this tree have since done duty in the bouquets of Royal brides and, to judge by its condition, the tree will provide bouquets for many years to come.

The Swiss cottage, which lies at the back of the myrtle tree, has pretty gabled ends, with a wooden roof, weighed down with white rock boulders to prevent its being carried away by the wind. No one, except Her Majesty's immediate friends, is ever allowed in the cottage. There is a morning and a retiring room, beautifully fitted up with little ornaments, with which the Queen loves to be surrounded as each morning she transacts the business which reaches her at noon from Downing street. Her Majesty often does her family correspondence here, and she is a frequent letter-writer to her children and grand-children.

What might also be called a sacred grove of trees is in another part of the garden, close to the museum, stocked with curiosities collected by the royal family in all parts of the globe; a crocodile from the Nile, shot by the Duke of Connaught; a huge eagle shot by the Prince of Wales in the East; huge tusks of ivory, nearly eight feet long; a mummy in its case, and various shells, butterflies and pebbles. In front of this is the glade of trees, which commemorates the marriage of each one of the Queen's children. First come two splendid firs in memory of the Prince of Wales' wedding, planted there by the Prince and Princess after their honeymoon; then two planted by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and near at hand the budding trees of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany. The Queen frequently takes her afternoon tea on the lawn amid these emblems of the happy union of her children, enjoying the beautiful view over the tree-clad slopes of Osborne House Park, of the blue waters of the Solent, and the wooded undulations of the mainland of Hampshire.

LIQUOR IN AFRICA.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, who has been working in Africa for nearly eight years as a missionary, said at a recent meeting:—

"Though I have been in Africa, I am not of foreign birth. I was born in a slave country, and born a slave. My father bought himself and bought my mother and five children, and I was one of the five. I went to Africa to do what good I could, and I found it a beautiful country. It is one that with little help could be made such a country as this nation would be proud of. But the Christian nations of the earth are sending rum there all the time. I do not think you can half understand the dreadful destruction and degradation which it brings upon the people there. Heathenism and superstition are slavery enough, without anything added to them; and when this terrible evil of strong drink is forced upon them, what can we say of it? One day when I was with Bishop Taylor, an old king came to the Bishop and asked him to write a book (meaning a letter) requesting that the sea captains should not pay the crew boys in gin. A vessel will hire a crew and almost invariably pay them off in gin, powder and guns. The men who are paid in that way do nothing but drink and carouse. The King does not desire it, but there is no redress, the men being paid as the captains like. As Bishop Newman has said, rum is the greatest barrier to our missionary work, not only in Africa, but everywhere. If you can do anything, in the name of God save the poor heathen. I do not plead for Africa alone, but for all the nations of the earth. In answer to questions asked her, Mrs. Smith said:

"Anything can be bought with liquor. It answers for money. If a man owes another man, he will pay him in liquor. You can get anything for gin when you could not get it for the money. They do not have grog-shops there like we have in this country. They sell it with other things, and drink out of anything, a tin cup or a gourd, or broken dish. When they come together for a jollification, everybody, men, women and all, gets drunk together. The very meanest liquors are sent to Africa. The purser on a steamer told me it was the meanest whiskey that could be made, vile, cheap stuff. I said, 'If you must bring it in, why not bring in a good article?' He said that if they did they could not sell it and it would not pay; that they had tried it. There are no laws in regard to the sale of liquors. The natives say it must be good because the people bring it who bring the Bible. There is not a brewery or distillery anywhere in Africa that I know of. There is a place on St. Paul's river where they distil an intoxicant from sugar-cane, called 'St. Paul's lightning.' There is not a black merchant there who imports strong drink. A black man who deals in it must get it from white merchants. I do not know of any black man who ships it there."

THE TEACHERS' RESPONSIBILITY.

The Rev. Dr. Hutton, of Greenock, Scotland, says in a recent paper:—The adoption of Bands of Hope as an appendage to Sabbath-school instruction does not exhaust the obligations or opportunities of Sabbath-school teachers or societies. Is all done that could be done inside the Sabbath-school, and by the ordinary means and influences, to promote temperance? Were the nearly two million teachers in the world's Sabbath-schools, and the 700,000 of the United Kingdom, and the nearly 60,000 of Scotland to exert the influence of personal abstinence, and to accompany it with "the word in season," for which they have so many occasions, could we doubt of a great result? It has been remarked by some that the proportion of abstaining scholars is about equal to that of teachers. Whatever be the proportion, we know in general that where the latter lead the young follow. All this presses home the necessity of considering well how to exert our full influence as Sabbath-school teachers. It is true that we must act with discretion where opinions differ and feelings are tender, but our duty to the young must be fulfilled. Apart from details of method, we need ourselves to be in much sympathy with the general aims of the temperance reform, and our personal example should be clear and known to the children. If it needs a little sacrifice to make it so, and to be able with effect to say to them, "Come with us," rather than "Go with these," we will not long grudge it in the joy of their well-being.

What is always possible and essential in direct teaching, as well as in indirect suggestions, is to bring out with Scriptural colors the moral aspects of drunkenness as a sin against God. With this basis, illustrations of its insidious growth and woeful havoc on the whole nature of man, in the family, and in society, will acquire their proper force, and prepare for the obvious practical appeal and warnings.

Much could be done by societies and teachers using and giving away to scholars suitable temperance literature; by brief addresses in class, based on incidents or texts of Scripture; or fitly improving some passing occurrence; by singing at intervals select temperance hymns; and, not least, by promoting special Sabbath sermons or lectures to the young, explaining and enforcing the practical aims of total abstinence. The more we show our scholars that this theme is not one only fitted for ordinary or week-day occasions, but which claims also to be treated in the most favored circumstances and by our leading teachers, the more we raise it in their esteem and impress it by its accessories. The more also we aid in giving temperance teaching the place which belongs to it in "the right dividing of the word of truth," and in the Christian solution of the solemn social problems arising out of the intemperance of our times.

We have long tried what may be called the neutral and the traditional methods of a moderate-drinking temperance in our Sabbath-schools, a generalized warning and too pointless, "Take care," without practical advice how to do it.

Do we not owe it now to our scholars to teach them a definite method, and to show them the way?

Were we to do so—all to do so of our world-army—were we to rise as Sabbath-school teachers and scholars in our thousands and our millions, extending, with our ever-increasing numbers, the range of our influence, might we not yet hope, by the blessing of God on our labors, to sweep the scourge we deplore and fear from the Christendom of the early future—and from our beloved shores—and from the world yet to be Christ's?

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON III.—JANUARY 17, 1892.

OVERCOME WITH WINE.—Isaiah 28:1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. 20:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Isa. 28:1-13.—Overcome with Wine.
T. Isa. 5:11-25.—The Evil and the End of Intemperance.
W. Prov. 23:29-35.—Look Not upon the Wine.
Th. Hab. 2:5-15.—Woe to the Drunkard Maker.
F. Gal. 5:16-26.—The Works of the Flesh.
S. Eph. 5:8-21.—Be not Drunk with Wine.
S. Rom. 13:7-14.—Not in Rioting and Drunkenness.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Wasting of Drunkenness. vs. 1-4.
II. The Defilement of Drunkenness. vs. 5-8.
III. The Stupefying of Drunkenness. vs. 9-13.

TIME.—B.C. 721, about four years before the fall of Samaria and the final captivity of Israel; Hezekiah king of Judah; Hosea king of Israel, tributary to Assyria; Shalmaneser IV. king of Assyria.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Our lesson passage belongs to the time of which we have the history in 2 Kings 17:1-23; 18:1-10; and a parallel account in 2 Chron. 29 and 30. It is specially appropriate for our Quarterly Temperance Lesson, since the sins of drunkenness, sensuality and debauchery so sternly denounced by the prophet are fearfully prevalent in our day.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *The crown of pride*—Samaria, the beautiful capital of the kingdom of Israel. *To the drunkards of Ephraim*—Revised Version, "of the drunkards of Ephraim." Samaria was in the territory of Ephraim. *The fat valleys*—Samaria was built on a hill of oval form which rose in the midst of a fertile valley shut in by mountains. Drunkenness is here mentioned as a prevalent iniquity, contributing to many others. *Overcome with wine*—"wine-smitten." 2. *A mighty and strong one*—the Assyrian power. 4. *The hasty fruit*—Revised Version, "the first-ripe fig"—the first rich, ripe fruit, eagerly seized and eaten. So Assyria would look upon Samaria and consume it—a prophecy fulfilled only a few years after. 5. *The residue*—Judah. 7. *But they also*—Judah no less than Ephraim. *Have erred through wine*—rather, "reel with wine." *Are out of the way*—or "stagger." *The priest and the prophet*—who were bound to set a better example. 9, 10. The mocking reply of drunkards over their cups. 11. *For with stammering lips*—Revised Version, "nay, but by men of strange lips;" the prophet's reply; the Lord would speak to them by the stammering lips of foreign invaders.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To what period does the prophet in this chapter refer? What was the state of Israel at this time? What the state of Judah? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE WASTING OF DRUNKENNESS. vs. 1-4.—Upon whom does the prophet denounce woe? How was this woe to be brought upon them? Who is meant by *the mighty and strong arm*? Under what figure is the destruction of Samaria represented? What does this teach about the sin of drunkenness? What can you tell of *the wasting of drunkenness*?

II. THE DEFILEMENT OF DRUNKENNESS. vs. 5-8.—What promise is made to Judah? What sins are charged upon Judah? Who are specially charged with these sins? What effects of strong drink are here portrayed?

III. THE STUPEFYING OF DRUNKENNESS. vs. 9-13.—What contemptuous reply is made to the prophet? How does the prophet answer these scorners? How will God answer their drunken questions? How shall the word of the Lord be to them? Explain verses 12 and 13. What can you say of *the stupefying of drunkenness*?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Drunkenness is a most fearful sin.
2. It is loathsome and disgusting.
3. It wastes the substance, weakens the intellect, stupefies the conscience and ruins the souls of men.
4. It brings down upon its victims the wrath of God, and shuts them out of heaven.
5. We should resist every temptation of self-indulgence and abstain from the use of all intoxicants.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Upon whom does the prophet pronounce a woe? Ans. Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim.
2. What does he predict? Ans. The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet.
3. What charge does he bring against Judah? Ans. They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way.
4. What is Solomon's counsel about wine? Ans. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. Prov. 23:31.
5. What does he say to enforce this counsel? Ans. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 24, 1892.

HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER AND DELIVERANCE.—Isa. 37:14-21; 33-38.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them."—Psalm 34:17.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 18:1-12.—Hezekiah's Good Reign.
T. 2 Kings 20:1-11.—Hezekiah's Sickness and Recovery.
W. Isa. 36:1-22.—The Assyrian Invasion.
Th. Isa. 37:1-20.—Hezekiah's Prayer.
F. Isa. 37:21-38.—Hezekiah's Deliverance.
S. Psalm 46:1-11.—God Our Refuge and Strength.
S. Psalm 76:1-12.—The Stout-Hearted Spoiled.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The King's Prayer. vs. 14-21.
II. The Lord's Deliverance. vs. 33-38.

TIME.—B.C. 698; Hezekiah king of Judah; Sennacherib king of Assyria; Isaiah the prophet in Judah.

PLACE.—Jerusalem and the kingdom of Judah.

OPENING WORDS.

Hezekiah, the thirteenth king of Judah, succeeded his father, Ahaz, and reigned twenty-nine years (B. C. 726-697). Sennacherib, king of Assyria, invaded Judah in 1701, and Hezekiah was compelled to purchase peace by the payment of heavy tribute. Two years later Hezekiah refused to continue the tribute, and the Assyrian king renewed his attack on Jerusalem. While he was carrying on military operations south-east of Judah, he sent messengers with a threatening letter to Hezekiah demanding immediate and unconditional surrender. Parallel accounts, 2 Kings 19; 2 Chron. 32:1-23.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

14. *Received the letter*—sent by Sennacherib, demanding surrender. 2 Chron. 32:17. *Spread it before the Lord*—as the occasion and subject of his prayer. 19. *Dwellest between the cherubim*—the cherubim were placed, one at each end of the mercy-seat, and the shechinah, the fiery symbol of Jehovah's presence, with the name Jehovah in written letters, was in the intervening space. Exod. 25:22. 18. *Of a truth*—the fact that Sennacherib had triumphed over other nations and other gods is urged as a reason why he should be taught the difference between them and Jehovah. 35. *For mine own sake*—to vindicate my name and honor. *For my servant David's sake*—because of my promise to David (Psalm 132:17, 18,) and to Messiah, the heir to David's throne (Isa. 9:7; 11:1). 36. *The angel of the Lord*—whatever the means used, they were directed by a celestial agent sent to accomplish the purpose.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What do you know about Hezekiah? By whom was his kingdom invaded? What message did Sennacherib send to Hezekiah and his people? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE KING'S PRAYER. vs. 14-21.—What did Hezekiah do with Sennacherib's letter? Who prayed with him? 2 Kings 19:20; 2 Chron. 32:20. How did he plead for a hearing? How had Sennacherib reproached the living God? Why were the gods of the nations unable to help them? What was the king's prayer? With what plea did he enforce his prayer?

II. THE LORD'S DELIVERANCE. vs. 33-38.—How did the Lord answer the king's prayer? By whom was the Assyrian host destroyed? How many were slain? What did Sennacherib then do? How did he die? Who succeeded him?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Prayer is the best refuge in time of trouble.
2. If the Lord be our Helper, we need not fear what man can do.
3. God will humble the pride of those who exalt themselves against him.
4. God's power, justice and holiness are displayed in the destruction of his enemies.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who invaded Judah? Ans. Sennacherib, king of Assyria.
2. Whom did Sennacherib send to Hezekiah? Ans. Messengers demanding the surrender of Jerusalem.
3. What did Hezekiah do? Ans. He went to the house of the Lord and prayed for deliverance.
4. What was the Lord's answer? Ans. I will defend this city to save it for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.
5. How was this promise of deliverance fulfilled? Ans. The angel of the Lord smote one hundred and eighty-five thousand in the camp of the Assyrians.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TWO HOMES.

Nettie is my dearest friend, and has the cosiest home and the nicest husband and children in W. She is a cheery little matron who makes the best of everything, hard times included. Jack, when she married him, was a steady young man, cashier in the bank, with a salary of one thousand dollars per year. They bought a house and furnished it, going into debt several hundred dollars to accomplish the same, and then commenced the struggle.

Five babies were added to their household, which necessitated considerable extra expense that Jack would have been unable to meet if the utmost care had not been exercised in domestic matters. Fifteen years have passed since she came here a bride, and everything has prospered with them. Jack is now president of the bank where he was formerly cashier. Nettie keeps a good girl to assist her, and four months of the year a seamstress besides. The children are prettily clothed, "but don't imagine for one instant," said my friend, "that I am allowing them to grow up in ignorance of the worth of money. The two older ones are required to keep an account of their personal expenses, which prevents their using money unthinkingly. Harry is a great reader, and last fall when he wanted Macaulay's histories and a set of Dickens' works, I advised him to earn the money for them, knowing that he would value them more for having obtained them in that way. He sawed and piled wood for several of our neighbors last winter, and, this spring, raked and mowed their yards, and now he has his books; and has others in view for which he is saving every cent. He is a fine student, almost ready to enter college, and we thought all the manual labor he could be induced to perform would be of benefit to him.

Annette is twelve, and her one talent is music; yet this spring, when overhearing her papa and me talk about hard times, she offered to give up her lessons for a while, which we would not listen to, of course. Still, I thought a little self-sacrifice would do her good; so I told her if she and Harry would tend the baby what time they had, and help Bertha a little in the kitchen, I would do the summer sewing, and we would divide the money. We have done so, and Annette has paid for her lessons the last quarter.

"We have also used simpler food, and worn plainer clothes than for some years back. To be sure, there is no need of retrenching present expenses, but there are five little ones to be educated, and put in the way of caring for themselves, and every year our necessary expenses will increase."

Just then the clock struck six, and in came two of the children, aged respectively six and eight years.

"Excuse me," said Nettie, "this is my children's hour."

One of the Dotty Dimple books was produced by Miss Janie, and listened to eagerly for half an hour, then the book was laid aside, and, with one on each knee, mamma listened patiently to the experiences and grievances of the day, and at seven they were put to bed. Then came the elder children.

"I suppose you think we are childish, don't you, Auntie?" said Harry, "but we always have to have our hour with mamma as well as the others."

Annette played the new piece she had been learning, very well indeed; Harry brought his algebra and mamma explained a knotty problem; and then, with two stools in front and two heads in Nettie's lap, came the mother-talk which was preparing the dark-eyed boy and girl to make other homes in the years to come, after the pattern of this one.

As I looked at the pretty group, the Bible verse came into my mind "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also and he praiseth her."

While in W—— I visited another old friend and schoolmate who was married about the same time as Nettie. Her husband is in a store. They have a very pleasant home and two children about the same age as Harry and Annette Horn, but I hadn't been in the house two hours, before I perceived a difference. The mother was fretful and fault-finding, the children impudent. Mr. Carroll was gloomy and reserved, and Susie told me in confidence that he was on the verge of failure. "I'm sure I don't see how I can help it, though he seems to blame me. I have economized dreadfully the past year, have stopped Jessie's music lessons, and given up going out of town this summer."

I could not repress a sigh. The night before I had seen her give Arthur a dollar because he teased for it, never even inquiring what he intended to do with it. They employed a girl and a seamstress, and the table groaned beneath its weight of delicacies, and yet she thought she was economical!

There was no children's hour here. They were told to do as they had a mind to, only not bother her. They were children with intellects far above the average, fully equal, naturally, to Harry and Annette, but so perverted had been their training that there was no comparison between them. Their mother had no thought of their future beyond hoping that Jessie might marry a rich man, which remark was made in the child's hearing. I asked her if Arthur were not going through college and she said it was too expensive, he could get education enough where he was.

When Susie was married, her husband had a house for her and some money in the bank. Now his house is encumbered with a heavy mortgage, and he is behind in every way. He is a man of good habits, and a good business manager, but the waste and outlay at home are too much for him.

I went home a sadder and wiser woman. I thought, how are we bringing up our sons and daughters, to be the light of our homes, intelligent, God-fearing, loving, and dutiful, or just the opposite?

Don't be afraid to spend time on your children! Not on their bodily needs, every mother does that, but on their mental and moral nature, that they may be successful in life in the best sense of the word; that when twenty, thirty or forty years have passed, and they are congratulated on their achievements, they may say, "Don't praise me! praise mother."—*Margaret Lyndith, in the Housekeeper.*

MRS. PENNEY'S DILEMMA.

When Mrs. Penney last April resolved to take boarders from the city during the summer, she was greatly troubled about the parlor mantel-shelf in the old farmhouse. "They are very fashionable folks," she said; "what will they think of that great high wooden thing? If I could only afford a marble mantelpiece, or at least a slate one."

"Cover it with a woollen lambrequin," suggested a neighbor.

Mrs. Penney saved her milk and butter money, stinted the table, made over her old gowns, and at last was able to buy some crimson rep, which was draped and looped over the high carved shelf.

"Dear me!" cried a friend who had just come from the city, "Rep has gone out ages ago! Cretonne is all the rage now."

Mrs. Penney was energetic and resolved to be "in the style."

Another month of saving and she was able to tear off the woollen drapery and loop over the mantel-self a gray flowered cretonne.

With the first of June arrived two of her boarders from a neighboring town. She consulted them as to the effect of her decorations. The elder woman surveyed them through her eye-glass.

"Very pretty, indeed. But mantel-shelves are made quite low, now. In the new houses you never see high things like that. It certainly looks very queer."

Mrs. Penney sent for the nearest carpenter. At a somewhat large cost the old woodwork was torn out and a low painted shelf replaced it.

In July her city guests came. The day after they arrived one of the men, an artist, came to her.

"I have found some pieces of curious carving in the wood-pile," he said. "Is it possible that you had one of those rare old colonial mantel shelves and have destroyed it?"

"I did not know," stammered Mrs. Penney.

"Why, the best houses are now built in imitation of the colonial mansions, and genuine carvings are priceless," he said, indignantly.

Then Mrs. Penney looked with misery at her hideous painted shelf, and wished bitterly that she had never undertaken to follow the fashion.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in the Household.*

TWO WAYS.

"Come Sophy, pick up your playthings now," said mamma. The command was given decisively, but Sophy, a pretty three-year old, with firmness written on every delicate feature, demurred. The mother's face showed the same characteristic and a battle was soon in progress, physical strength of course gaining the victory.

Not only was Sophy's evening meal of graham mush and milk, which immediately followed, eaten between sobs, but even after sleep had settled over her face the cheeks were tear-stained and red, and a tiny frown marred the white forehead. Unfortunately this programme, with slight variations, was carried out daily.

But one afternoon it was necessary for Sophy's mamma to leave home for a few hours, and a friend volunteered to stay with the child until the mother's return. "I will try to be at home at five," the latter said, as she was buttoning up her gloves, "but if I fail, that is Sophy's supper hour. Jane will have supper ready. As soon as she has eaten, as she is usually very tired, I put her to bed. I do not think she will give you any trouble. Oh, I nearly forgot—do not try to have her pick up her playthings. I always make her do it before she had her supper, but she dislikes the work so much that we have a battle scene every day. So, if I don't get home in time just let the things lie and I'll put them away after she is asleep."

The afternoon passed pleasantly to Sophy and her friend, for the latter possessed that sixth sense, tact, which so soon finds the way to a child's heart. When it was within a few minutes of five o'clock, the mother had not returned. Sophy showed no signs of weariness, but the friend said: "Come now, it's time for Sophy's supper." The child climbed into her friend's lap and turned her scowling eyes on the toy-strewn floor. "I'm going to make an experiment," was the lady's silent resolve. So she began to chant softly and musically, thus:

"I wonder where Sophy's woolly lamb is? Oh, I see it lying on the floor; hear it cry 'baa-ba-a-ba-a-a, I want to go to bed in my basket in the corner.'"

This appeal to Sophy's very lively imagination brought her to the floor with a laugh. With many coaxing words and caressing pats the lamb was at once deposited in its proper place. Then the lady began again: "I wonder where Sophy's blocks are? Oh, I know they all went off this morning to play, and now it's almost night and they're so tired, and they can't find their way home to the basket in the corner." This song was also effectual, and Sophy was soon showing the blocks "the way home." So the play went on merrily till every toy was in its place. Then the supper was eaten amid smiles instead of sobs and, when mamma returned a few moments after, it was a very gay little daughter who met her in the hall.

"Oh," she thought, anxiously, "I am almost sorry to find her awake; now I shall have another battle over those playthings, and I am so tired I do not feel equal to it." Great was her surprise when she entered the sitting-room. "How did you manage?" she exclaimed, turning to her friend. The explanation, however, was deferred until Sophy had gone happily to sleep with a smile on her lips. Fortunately, the mother's common sense was quite as large as her firmness, and thereafter the daily "picking up" time became a delightful season of play to Sophy and an undreaded duty to her mamma.—*Babyhood.*

THE MORAL VALUE OF NEATNESS.

One of the serious mistakes made by mothers in training their children is in supposing that careful habits can be cultivated in careless surroundings. A ragged or worn carpet, so little valued by the mother that grease or ink spots can be left on it without causing comment, may become a moral calamity. Tying the child up in a bib, and giving it the liberty to spill its food when eating, is responsible for bad table habits in the men and women whom we meet. A child who is made to eat its food carefully, in a room where the furnishings are respected, where a penalty will follow carelessness, naturally acquires careful, refined manners. Many a mother spends more time repairing damages—the results of careless habits, due largely to the furnishings in the dining-room—than she would need to spend in setting a table carefully and keeping the room in order, so that its order and neatness commanded the respect of the children. The ounce of prevention is worth several pounds of cure in the training of children, and it is a pity that the ounce of prevention is not administered in the infinitesimal doses necessary in early childhood, rather than in the radical doses necessary to overcome neglect in matters that are never minor—for manners and habits mark the man. A man may be a moral man and eat with his knife; but he would be a more valuable man in the community if he recognized the uses for which the knife was designed and applied it only to those uses.—*The Christian Union.*

RECIPES.

MEAT FRITTERS.—Cut cold meat into dice and season. Make a batter of eggs, milk and flour, dip up a spoonful of batter and put in a few pieces of meat, cover and drop in boiling fat. Put in as many as will cook at a time. Skim out in a colander to drain them, remove to a hot platter for the table.

AMERICAN POTATO SALAD.—Cut cold potatoes in small slices. Put into a dish two raw eggs, seven tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of butter and half a teaspoonful of mustard. Put the dish into boiling water and stir until the dressing is as thick as good cream. Add salt and pepper, and pour over the potatoes.—*Record.*

MEAT HASH.—Corn beef is best, but other meats can be used. Allow nearly twice as much cold chopped potato as meat, put two or three spoonfuls of butter in spider and half as much water. When hot, put hash in and cover five minutes, set it on top of the stove where it will brown on the bottom, not burn; after a while turn it over so as to brown the rest. Some prefer to use half a cup of sweet cream, instead of browning it.

ESCALLOPED MEAT.—Beef, veal or mutton left over cold can be used for scallops. Chop, but not too fine, season with salt. Allow half as much bread crumbs as meat and a bowl of gravy. Butter an earthen baking dish, put in a layer of meat, then pour over a little gravy, about two spoonfuls, and on top a layer of crumbs. Alternate the layers until the dish is full, putting a thicker layer of crumbs on top. Bake twenty or twenty-five minutes.

PUZZLES NO. 25.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

They left their little ones at home,
And whither went they did not know,
But for the church of God did roam,
And lost their lives by doing so.

They wandered in a perfect road,
With crowds of wicked full in view;
They lived to man and died to God,
But of religion nothing knew.

ENIGMA.

Ye common plodders of the race,
Behold me in such lofty place!
Unwearied though your efforts be
You all may rise, but not like me.
Yet though I stand at such a height,
I am but fragile, weak and slight,
Prisoned by bonds I cannot break,
And that is well for my own sake;
For if I once should burst my thrall
Sudden and sure would be my fall.

DECAPITATION.

So *total* ways are there, to show
Kindness of heart, while here below,
There's no excuse for *last*
Who say they fain would pleasure give,
But still in selfish indolence live,
And wait till chance is past.

"There's no time like the present time,"
Is truth, as well as pleasing rhyme;
"The future is not ours."
Seek now an opportunity,
And *total* chances will you see,
To "improve the shining hours."

PUZZLE.

I'm very sure this little word
That means to join, you've often heard,
Five letters form it, and 'tis strange
That two transposed make such a change;
It joins no more and you will find
That now it tells you to unbind.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 24.

PECULIAR ACROSTIC.—Christmas. Mistletoe. Cross-words: 1. beCalMed. 2. beHaving. 3. caR. esSed. 4. prImaTes. 5. asSaiLed. 6. caTerErs. 7. coMpuTer. 8. drAgoOns. 9. AsSayErs.

WORD TRIANGLE.—

C H R I S T M A S
H U M O R I S T
R E V O L V E
I O D I N E
S P E A R
T O O L
M O E
A S
S

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Nativity, Yule-tide.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM.—Italicized words—Christmas day, marked, birth, worlds, philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton, discovery, law, gravitation.

The Family Circle.

A FASHIONABLE PRAYER.

Give me an eye to others' failings blind—
Miss Smith's new bonnet's quite a fright behind!

Wake in me charity for the suffering poor—
There comes that contribution plate once more!

Take from my soul all feelings covetous—
I'll have a shawl like that, or make a fuss!

Let love for all my kind my spirit stir—
Save Mrs. Jones—I'll never speak to her!

Let me in truth's fair pages take delight—
I'll read that other novel through to-night.

Make me contented with my earthly state—
I wish I'd married rich. But it's too late!

Give me a heart of faith in all my kind—
Miss Brown's as big a hypocrite as you'll find!

Help me to see myself as others see—
This dress is quite becoming unto me!

Let me act out no falsehood, I appeal—
I wonder if they think these curls are real!

Make my heart of humility the fount—
How glad I am our pew's so near the front!

Fill me with patience and strength to wait—
I know he'll preach until our dinner's late!

Take from my heart each grain of self-conceit—
I'm sure the gentleman must think me sweet!

Let saintly wisdom be my daily food—
I wonder what we'll have for dinner good!

Let not my feet ache in the road to light—
Nobody knows how these shoes pinch and bite.

In this world teach me to deserve the next—
Church out! Charles, do you recollect the text?

CAPTAIN JANUARY.

(By Laura E. Richards.)

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued.)*

But the lady put both arms round her and drew her close, close, while her tears fell fast on the golden hair. "My darling!" she cried, "my dear, dear little one! It was the same storm; the same storm and the same ship. Your poor mamma was my own sweet sister Helena, and you are my niece, my little Isabel, my own, own little namesake. Will you love me, darling? Will you love your Aunt Isabel, and let her care for you and cherish you as your sweet mother would have done?"

Star stood very still, neither returning nor repelling the lady's caresses. She was pale, and her breath came short and quick, but otherwise she showed no sign of agitation. Presently she put up her hand and stroked the lady's cheek gently. "Why do you cry?" she asked quietly. "My poor mamma is in heaven? Don't you like her to be in heaven? Daddy says it is much nicer than here, and he knows."

Mrs. Morton checked her tears, and smiled tenderly in the little wondering face. "Dear child!" she said, "I do like to have her in heaven, and I will not cry any more. But you have not told me whether you will love me, Star. Will you try, dear, and will you let me call you my little Isabel?"

"I will love you," replied the child, "if Daddy Captain loves you; I will love you very much. But you must not call me that name, 'cause I'm not it. I am just Star. Does Daddy love you?" she asked, and then with a sudden note of anxiety in her voice, she exclaimed, "Where is Daddy! Where is my Daddy Captain? Did you see him when you came in?"

Her question was answered by the sound of voices outside; and the next moment the minister appeared, followed by Mr. Morton and Captain January. The old Captain hastened to place a chair for each of the gentlemen by the fireside, and then took his stand against the wall on the further side of the room. He held his weather-beaten cap in his hand, and turned it slowly round and round, considering it attentively. It might have been observed by one quick to notice trifles, that he did not look at the child, though no slightest motion of hers was lost upon him.

"George," said Mrs. Morton joyously to her husband, "here is our little niece, dearest Helena's child. She is going to love me, she says, and she will love you, too. Star, my darling, this is your Uncle George. Will you not give him a kiss, and be his little girl as well as mine? We have two little girls at home, and you shall be the third."

Star went obediently to Mr. Morton, who kissed her warmly, and tried to take her on his knee. "You are taller than our Grace," he said, "but I don't believe you are as heavy, my dear. Grace is just your age, and I am sure you will be great friends."

But Star slipped quietly from his arms, and, running to the Captain, took one of his hands in both of hers and kissed it. "I am Daddy Captain's little girl!" she said looking round bravely at the others. "Why do you talk as if I belonged to you?" Then, seeing the trouble in Mrs. Morton's face, she added, "I will love you, truly I will, and I will call you Aunt Isabel; but I cannot belong to different people, 'cause I'm only just one. Just Captain January's Star."

She looked up in the old man's face with shining eyes, but no tender, confident look returned her glance. The brown hand trembled between her two little white palms; the keen blue eyes were still bent fixedly upon the old woollen cap, as if studying its texture; but it was in a quiet and soothing tone that the Captain murmured:—

"Easy, Jewel Bright! Easy now! Helm steady, and stand by!"

There was a moment of troubled silence; and then the old minister, clearing his throat, spoke in his gentle, tranquil voice. "My dear child," he said, "a very strange thing has come to pass; but what seems strange to us is doubtless clear and simple to the Infinite Wisdom above us. You have been a faithful and loving child, little Star, to your beloved guardian and friend here, and no father could have cared for you more tenderly than he has done. But the tie of blood is a strong one, my dear, and should not be lightly set aside. This lady is your own near relation, the sister of your dear dead mother. Through the merciful providence of God, she has been led to you, and she feels it her duty to claim you, in the name of your parents. We have considered the matter carefully, and we all feel that it is right that you should hereafter make your home with her and your uncle. This may be painful to you, my dear, but you are a good and intelligent child, and you will understand that if we give you pain now, it is to secure your future good and happiness."

He paused; and all eyes, save those keen blue ones which were studying so carefully the texture of the battered woollen cap, turned anxiously on the child. A deep flush passed over Star's face; then vanished, leaving it deadly pale, a mask of ivory with eyes of flame. When she spoke, it was in a low, suppressed voice, wholly unlike her own.

"You may kill me," said the child, "and take my body away, if you like. I will not go while I am alive."

She turned her eyes from one to the other, as if watching for the slightest motion to approach her.

Mrs. Morton, in great distress, spoke next. "My darling, it grieves me to the heart to take you from your dear, kind Daddy. But think, my Star; you are a child now, but you will soon be a woman. You cannot grow up to womanhood in a place like this. You must be with your own people, and have companions of your own age. My children will be like your own sisters and brothers. My dear, if you could only know how they will love you, how we shall all cherish and care for you!"

"When I am dead?" asked Star. "It will make no difference to me, your love, for I shall be dead. I will not go alive."

"Oh, Captain January!" cried Mrs. Morton, turning to the old man, with clasped hands. "Speak to her! she will listen to you. Tell her—tell her what you said to me. Tell her that it is right for her to go; that you wish her to go!"

The old man's breathing was heavy and labored, and for a moment it seemed as if he strove in vain for utterance; but when he spoke his voice was still soothing and cheerful, though his whole great frame was trembling like a withered leaf. "Star Bright," he said (and after almost every word he paused to draw the short, heavy breath), "I always told ye, ye 'member, that ye was the child of gentlefolks. So bein', 'tis but right that you should have gentle raisin' by them as is yer own flesh and blood. You've done your duty, and more than your duty, by me. Now 'tis time ye did your duty by them as the Lord has sent to ye. You'll have—my—my respectful love and duty wherever you go, my dear, and you're growin' up to be a beautiful lady, as has been a little wild lass. And you'll not forget the old Cap'n, well I know, as will be very comf'table here—"

But here the child broke out with a wild, loud cry, which made all the others start to their feet. "Do you want me to go?" she cried. "Look at me, Daddy Captain! you shall look at me!" she snatched the cap from his hands and flung it into the fire, then faced him with blazing eyes and quivering lip. "Do you want me to go? are you tired of me?"

Heavier and heavier grew that weight on Captain January's chest; shorter and harder came his breath. His eyes met the child's for a moment, then wavered and fell. "Why—honey—" he said slowly, "I—I'm an old man now—a very old man. And—and—an old man likes quiet, ye see; and—I'd be quieter by myself, like; and—and so, honey—I—I'd like ye to go."

"You lie!" cried the child; and her voice rang like a silver trumpet in the startled ears of the listeners. "You lie to me, and you lie to God; and you know you lie!"

The next moment she had sprung on to the low window-sill, then turned for an instant, with her little hands clenched in menance, and her great eyes flashing fire that fell like a burning touch on every heart. Her fantastic dress gleamed like a fiery cloud against the gray outside; her hair fell like a glory about her vivid, shining face. A moment she stood there, a vision, a flying star, trailing angry light, never to be forgotten by those who saw; then, like a flash, she vanished.

Captain January tottered to his old chair and sat down in it. "The child is right, Lady and Gentleman!" he said. "I lied! I lied to my God, and to the little child who loved me. May God and the child forgive me!" And he hid his face in his hands, and silence fell for a moment.

Then Mr. Morton, who had walked hastily to the window, and was doing something with his handkerchief, beckoned to his wife. "Isabel," he said, in a low tone, "I will not be a party to this. It's an atrocious and vindictive outrage. I—I—you are not the woman I took you for, if you say another word to that old angel. Let him have the child, and send him one or two of your own into the bar—" but Isabel Morton, laughing through her tears, laid her hand over her husband's lips for a moment. Then going to the old man's chair, she knelt down by it and took his two hands in hers.

"Captain January!" she said, tenderly. "Dear, dear Captain January! the lie is forgiven; I am very, very sure it is forgiven in heaven, as it will be forgiven in the child's loving heart. And may God never pardon me, if ever word or look of mine come again between you and the child whom God gave you!"

The gray evening was closing in around the lighthouse tower. The guests were gone, and Captain January sat alone beside the fire in his old armchair. The window was still open, for the air was soft and mild. The old man's hands were clasped upon his knee; his heart was lifted as high as heaven, in silent prayer and praise.

Suddenly, at the window, there was a gleam of yellow, a flitting shape, a look, a pause; then a great glad cry, and Star flitted like a ray of moonlight through the window, and fell on Captain January's breast.

"Daddy," she said, breaking the long, happy silence, "dear Daddy, I am sorry I burned your horrid old cap!"

(To be Continued.)

THE TOBACCO SMOKING HABIT.

Gradually but surely the deleterious effects of tobacco smoking upon the human race must become clear and produce good results. The carefully recorded observations of Dr. Seaver, physician and instructor in physical culture, of Yale College, will be a great lever for those opposed to the use of tobacco.

For a number of years Dr. Seaver had been making observations respecting the physical and mental effects of tobacco-using upon students. In these statistics, recently published, Dr. Seaver shows that among the students at Yale smokers are found to be inferior both in mental ability and physical vigor to non-smokers. Smokers have less lung capacity and lung power than non-smokers. Their average bodily weight is less, as is also their stature. They have less endurance, both muscular and nervous, and are in every way physically inferior to non-smokers. In scholarship the smokers are far behind. Very few receive honors and among those of high standing in scholarship, only five smoked.

It will not be easy to successfully combat these facts. It will probably be said that, it is generally admitted that tobacco is injurious to the young. But anything that injures the youthful in so marked a manner cannot fail to be injurious to the mature. Why the young, growing boy will withstand many things that would upset a full grown man. And in the way of digestion, for example, and of assimilation, this is the universal rule. Behold what the average growing boy can digest and assimilate, and without inconvenience. And nerve force and influence are concerned in these processes, it must be noted, as it is contended that it is chiefly upon the nervous system of the young that tobacco exerts its injurious influence.

We are told that men have been known to smoke tobacco for seventy consecutive years and "yet retain perfect physical and moral health." Have such cases ever been carefully and scientifically investigated? Was ever a scientific post mortem examination made on such a case? Such men do die, and occasionally at an advanced age. What was the cause of death? Who can say? Who can say but that they might have lived ten years longer, and happier and more useful lives, if they had not used tobacco? It is said they always enjoyed "good health." Thousands of people think they have good health who plod along through life and hardly know what good vigorous health is, and who would feel vastly better if they were to live for a time in careful accordance with well known hygienic rules.

Furthermore, although we do find people who smoke during a long lifetime, and there are, it appears, many naturally of muscular, vigorous constitutions, with good ancestry, who can so smoke without appreciable injury—that is, appreciable to ordinary observation,—how is it with their progeny? A leading city physician, we cannot now recall his name, has said: "I have never known a habitual tobacco user whose children, born after he had long used it, did not have a deranged nervous system, and sometimes evidently weak minds. Shattered nervous systems for generations to come may be the result of this indulgence." The evil effects upon children of over indulgence in alcoholic beverages by the father or mother, are well known; while upon the father or mother hardly any or no injurious constitutional effects would be observable.

The very source of the tobacco smoking habit is enough to condemn it. Although a wise man once advised the sluggard to "go to the ant," civilized races in their progress would not naturally, one would suppose, go to savage races to seek for useful habits.

One good thing seems clear, that is this: While a few eminent physicians and others in Europe, such as Charcot, of Paris, and Spurgeon, advocate the use of tobacco, it is not easy to find one on this continent who can say much in defence of it, or more than that it is a useless, idle habit.—*Canada Health Journal.*

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised.

PSALM 113: 3.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S NEW PARISH HOUSE.

"We are not going to make paupers; we propose to correct the conditions that foster pauperism." These words of the Rev. G. A. Carstensen, the superintendent of St. Bartholomew's new parish house, express with epigrammatic brevity the great and philanthropic object of that admirable institution. Located on Forty-second street, just east of Third avenue, it occupies a field peculiarly rich in materials for a work of this kind. The presence of more than forty-four thousand persons in the cramped quarters of the old Rescue Mission of St. Bartholomew's church during the past year shows how pressing was the need for a more commodious and perfectly equipped building to meet the demands of so much poverty and distress.

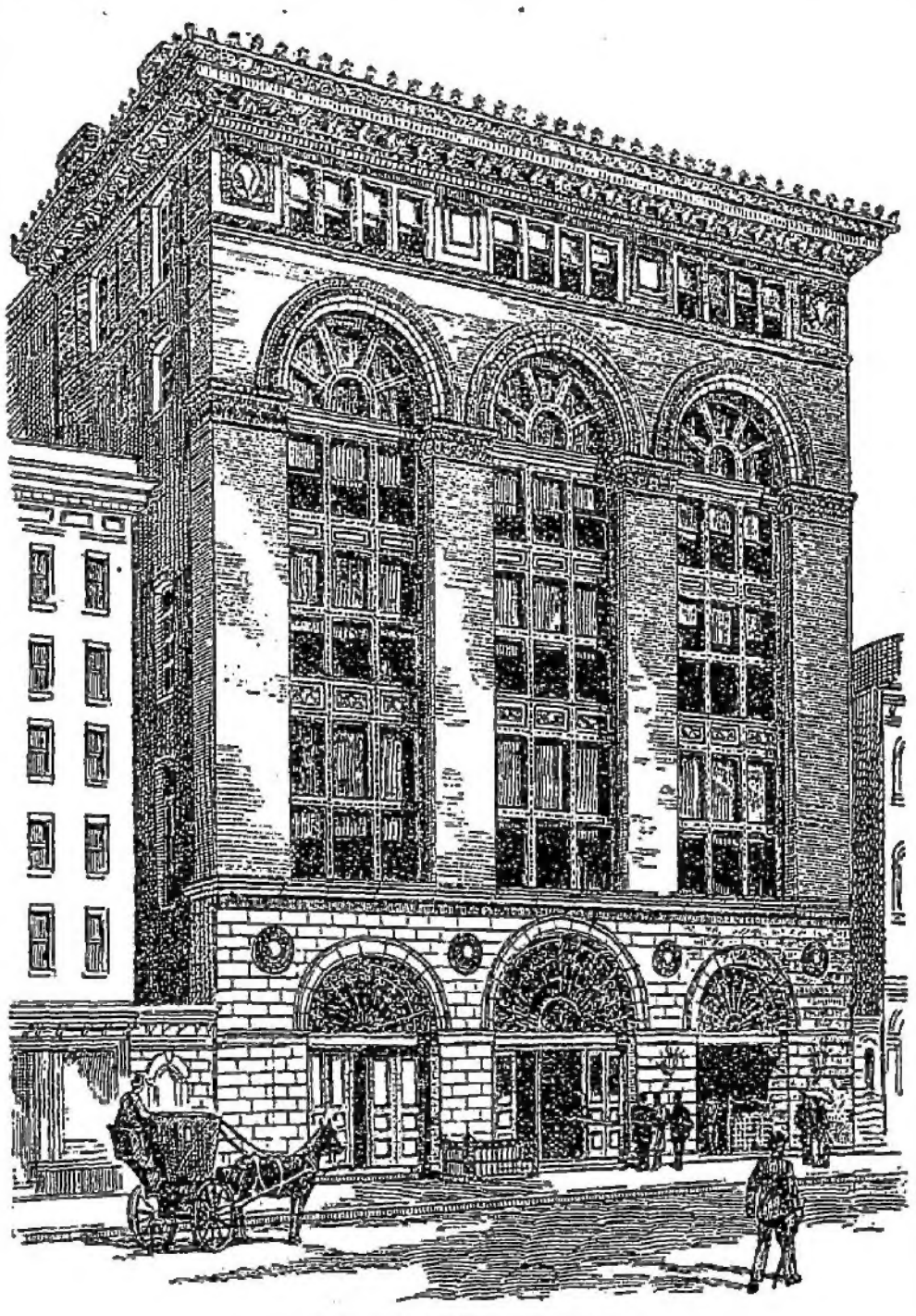
Scarcely had the Rev. Dr. Greer, the rector of the church, made known his desire for such a building than two of his parishioners came generously to his aid with land and money. Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt placed at his command the sum of $400,000 for a parish house, and her son, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, presented a lot, 75x100, on which to erect the structure. As a result of these contributions, New York has an institution without a parallel in the country. In architectural beauty and in adaptability for the work to be done, it is perfect. Within its walls will soon be gathered the unselfish hands that for many years have been busy in different parts of the parish rescuing the abandoned and relieving the distressed. The house is now nearly complete, except the equipment, and will be ready for occupation in two or three weeks.

There is nothing ecclesiastical about the exterior of the buff and gray structure. It might be taken for a handsome business block of brick and stone. So completely have the architects complied with the desire of the donors that a secular aspect be preserved, that the three arched entrances are not, in fact, unlike those of a theatre or music hall. Indeed, the illusion of a place of amusement becomes quite perfect as one in passing through the central entrance sees on either side the little windows to the offices of the attendants connected with the work of the Rescue Mission. But for the fine organ, which cost several thousand dollars, and the rather shallow platform, where lay and clerical speakers will address their auditors, the room in which this work is carried on, with its opera-chairs and spacious galleries, has a most secular appearance. The services to be held here every night of the year will, however, be far from secular. On Sunday evenings there will be the regular liturgical services of the Episcopal church; on Monday, a stirring evangelical address by some speaker, lay or clerical, of any denomination of Christians; on Tuesday, services of song; on Wednesday, the experiences of those who have been secured and converted; on Thursday, stereopticon lectures on the life of Christ or on some temperance theme; on Friday, social and devotional services, accompanied by the gift at their close of a cup of coffee and a sandwich to every person present; on Saturday, Bible-reading and other services preparatory to those of the following day.

The only part of the building which betrays no secular touch is the beautiful chapel to the east of Rescue Mission room. Entering it through the small arched doors, there is disclosed in the dim light from the large stained-glass window in the chancel a miniature church, wrought with taste and skill. Here, besides the baptisms and occasional services, will be held the weddings of those who have been rescued, or the funerals of children that have died in the tenements.

All the other parts of the building are devoted to either education or recreation and the management. There are four floors besides the first, the mezzanines, and the basement. Ample light and ventilation are the priceless possessions of all. At night illumination can be had from either gas or electricity. Fine brass fixtures almost without number are to be found in the halls and rooms, and from the ceilings of some of the latter are pendent beautiful chandeliers of the same metal. The interior is not without other touches of the hand of art. Where there are chandeliers there also are handsome centre pieces. Finely moulded cornices soften the harshness of the angles of the ceilings and walls. The wood-work is of white pine, highly polished and often prettily moulded. The mantels over the fireplaces in several of the larger rooms are of the same wood, patterned according to the colonial taste. The andirons in the fireplaces are in simple but tasteful designs of wrought iron.

But to return to the more useful features of the institution. The public offices of the superintendent are on the mezzanine of the first story. On the mezzanine of the fourth story he has a neatly furnished private office, with shelves for his library and drawers for his papers and pamphlets. The apartments of the matron are on the third floor. Another room that is given up to the management is on the fifth floor. It is called the Rector's Room, and is the handsomest in the building. On the hard-pine floor is a large and beautiful rug in blue and terra-cotta and harmonizing with the terra cotta and *cafe-au-lait* tints of wall and ceiling and the dark maroon hangings of the many windows. Here and there are light and graceful colonial chairs of oak, or heavier and more comfortable ones upholstered in leather of dark maroon. A handsome quartered-oak table stands in the centre, and to one side a fine old Chesterfield lounge in leather. It is in this room every week that Dr. Greer meets those in charge of the house, and consults with them as to the progress of the work.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH HOUSE.

The educational work will be done mostly on the second and third floors. The Sunday school room on the second floor, where there is also a large Sunday-school library, will seat several hundred children. It will be used for a night school, meetings of various societies in the parish, and for public entertainments. Besides classes in the ordinary English branches, classes in history and civil government will be formed. On this floor, also, there is a kindergarten, the hundred or more seats in it being arranged in amphitheatre form. On the floor above another kindergarten is provided, of the same capacity and arrangement. The third floor is, in fact, given up entirely to the work among women and children. Two large rooms, looking out on the street, can be thrown into one by opening the wide sliding doors. Here instruction will be given in plain sewing, dressmaking and embroidery. In an adjacent room a perfectly equipped cooking-school will be conducted. The girls have a club-room also. It is amply lighted by tall windows, hung with Florentine lace curtains, and modestly decorated in tints of buff and terra cotta. The floor is covered with a terra cotta carpet, and in the centre stands a quartered-oak table that will be covered with periodicals and the current novels. Along the sides of the room, which will be covered with paintings and engravings, are pretty oak chairs and seats. To these will soon be added a fine piano.

The floor for the exclusive use of the men and boys is the fourth. Nothing has been spared for their entertainment and instruction.—The club room for the men will contain an excellent library; the large oak table in it will be covered with newspapers and magazines; and those who prefer to pass their time in other ways will be permitted to indulge in chess, billiards, dominoes, and other harmless games. To lessen the allurements of the saloon, temperance drinks will be sold at cost. In the club-room for the boys, lectures on travels, natural history, chemistry, and other subjects that can be made entertaining by illustration will be delivered from time to time. On this floor, too, is a completely equipped gymnasium with all the apparatus of the finest athletic club in the city; on the mezzanine there is a padded running-track and a padded floor for tumbling. To insure cleanliness, handsome bath-rooms are provided for both sexes, having tiled floors, marble basins, shower-baths, and porcelain tubs.

Of the rest of the building but little need be said. An office on the first floor will be devoted to the Penny Provident Fund. The large room taking up nearly the whole of the fifth floor will be used for drilling and calisthenic exercises. On the roof provision has been made for a summer garden, with music and flowers, admission being had for a trifle. In the basement, where lunch-tables will be set, food will be sold at the lowest price. Nothing, in fact, is given away. The management are determined not to cheapen their privileges in this manner and thus foster the pauperism that they are trying to prevent. At the same time they expect to make no money. It is their hope, however, that the fees from the members of the clubs and the revenues from other sources will be sufficient to meet the expenses of the institution.—*Frank Leslie's Weekly.*

ANOTHER TRAIN COMING.

We were thundering along through the darkness of night, luxuriously enjoying a berth in the first section of the excursion train to Minneapolis. Ten minutes behind was the second section, keeping as close to us as safety permitted. At our locomotive's head flashed a signal lantern, telling to every side-tracked train, "Wait, another train is coming." And not content with the mute warning, ever and again the whistle uttered a short, sharp sound, calling attention to the signal, and gaining in response an answering call from the train that was patiently waiting for our passing.

Another train coming; look out for it. How often that warning needs to be uttered along the crowded tracks of life! Here is a father, behind whom a boy is closely following; here is a Sunday-school teacher, whose very position makes him in a certain sense the pilot, the forerunner of others. Shall such a one consider simply his own progress, and think nothing, say nothing, do nothing for the safety of others who are later to pass over the same track? Is it enough for one to say, "I can overcome this obstacle; I can conquer this temptation; I can resist this retarding influence?"

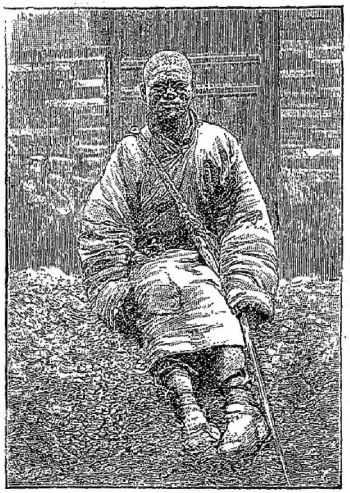
The saloon has no attractions for me, one may say; I can spend an hour at the card-table or an evening at the theatre, and go to my business the next morning with a clear brain and an undisturbed purpose. How about my office-boy, who must pass half a hundred of those yawning mouths of the drink hell every morning and night? How about that clerk, whose youthful imagination once set in motion by the dram is not so readily controlled?

Let every traveller on the track of life take counsel of his best judgment, and watch closely the suggestions of a quickened, sympathetic conscience. Let him imitate the caution of the railway management, and in every possible way prepare for the safety of those who follow him.—*Dr. Clark, in Golden Rule.*

SEEING SNAKES.

The cause of persons whose nerves are excited by protracted and excessive use of stimulants seeing the shapes of animals passing before them is not due wholly to the imagination. In fact, the fancy only operates to induce a belief that what is seen is alive and hideous. The eyeball is covered by a network of veins, ordinarily so small that they do not intrude themselves visibly in the path of the light that enters the sight, but in the course of some diseases these veins are frequently congested and swollen to such size as to become visible, and when this happens the effect generally is to appear as if there were an object of considerable size at a distance from the eye.

Of course this vein is generally long, thin, and sinuous like a serpent, and the figure seen is frequently startlingly like a snake. That they seem to live is due to the fact that they are often not in perfect line with the direct front of sight. They are either to the side, up or down from the focus; therefore, when discovered, the victim naturally turns his eyes toward the effect, and the effect, of course, moves away. The eye follows, and thus a continuous and realistic motion is got. Now, if the eye be returned to the front again quickly it will see another snake, which, if watched, will glide away in the same manner. The writer of this is afflicted by malarial disease, and after his eyes are thus congested many strange shapes and clouds pass within his vision, which, if he were in a state of nervous collapse, might easily be all that are seen by those suffering from delirium tremens.—*New York Times.*



A BUDDHIST PRIEST.

In forwarding the photograph of which our picture is a copy to the Irish Presbyterian Missionary Society, the Rev. W. W. Shaw says:—"Amongst the crowd of beggars gathered round the chapel door, I noticed a Buddhist priest, and after a little spoke to him. I took his photograph, and found he was quite dumb, and had been so for years. His family had made a priest of him by way of his getting a livelihood, and he simply lived by begging. His clothes were in rags and he was altogether a pitiable sight. Such are the spiritual guides of China!"

THE STORY OF A YOUNG JAPANESE TEACHER.

Miss E. L. Linnard, in the *Church at Home and Abroad*, tells the following:—In her lesson one day a young Japanese came to the word "Creator," but did not know its meaning. Turning to the dictionary, she read, "Creator, one who creates;" but was still in the dark. She turned up a larger dictionary, and read, "Creator, one who creates; a name given to God, who made all things." A startling thought to her, for she had never heard of such a God; and it filled her mind by night and by day. She looked at the stars and said, "That God must have made all these stars." The sun, and even the trees, suggested the thought that God made them. She went to the temple and looked at the image of Buddha, and said to herself, "It was not you, Buddha, for I never heard that you made anything."

When she went to Tokio, an old woman in the same house said to her, "Tasshee, I am going to a meeting; come with me."

"What meeting?"

"A meeting to hear about God."

"Oh no," said Tasshee; "I do not want any of your gods. I have a God of my own, if I only knew where he is."

Tasshee, however, went to the meeting. The missionary opened the Bible and read, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Tasshee was startled. "Why," she said, "this is the God I am looking for;" and she became so agitated that she could hardly keep her seat, so eager was she to put the question, "Where is he?"

When the meeting was over, she rushed to the missionary, and said, "Tell me, where is this God that made the heavens and the earth?" Her desire was met by proper instruction. She came to the next meeting and heard, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Here again Tasshee was startled. A God of love! Her gods were gods of hate, of revenge, of anger. This God gave his son. All the gods she had ever heard of never gave anything; the people had to give them offerings.

The thirsting soul received the water of life. Tasshee is now a Christian teacher dispensing the water of life to others, telling them of a God who spared not his own son, but gave him up for us all.

I TAKE IT BACK!

Mother, just see here, will you? It's most nine o'clock, and I can't find a single thing!"

I suppose Raymond did not include in the catalogue of "single thing" any of the articles which he was tossing about so vigorously from place to place.

Mother came, and found that all the confusion and trouble was occasioned by her son's book-strap having been mislaid.

"When did you have it last, Ray?"

"Why, last night, when I unstrapped my books; and I left it here on the table. Somebody's been meddling with it, I know! It was that tiresome Nora, like as not!"

"Nora, have you seen Ray's book-strap?"

"No, ma'am," replied Nora, looking dolefully around the room which she had put "to rights" once this morning.

"Nonsense! you must have seen it, for you've been poking about in here ever since breakfast; I wish you'd stay out till I am gone to school, for you're just a bother and a meddlesome thing?"

"Ray!"

"Well, I'll be late, mother! There goes Tom Lake now! I never ——"

"Here it is!" and mother reached the strap from the top of the bookcase, where it had lodged the night before when Ray threw it to knock a spider from the wall.

"And you needn't have called me a meddlesome thing, either!" said Nora, reproachfully, as he strapped his books and ran.

"I take it back!" called Ray, looking round from the doorway, and smiling, with all the good-nature again in his face—"I take it back!"

"Take it back!" Ah, but can you? Are there not some things that you can never, never take back? Could Raymond ever take back that hasty ungenerous speech he had made? No. He might be sorry; he might confess that it was unjust; but he could not take it back.

We can never take back our words:—words—little things are they, but oh! so mighty! How many words you have once said—even you, with your young lives—which you would be so glad to unsay; angry words, thoughtless words, unkind, cross, hasty words, dropped from your lips upon the hearts around you. And they are gone forever! You cannot recall them, though you have said, perhaps, as Raymond did, "I take it back!" Be careful of your words, dear children. If you would have a pleasant past to look back upon by-and-by, without heartaches and without regrets, be careful of your words!—*Friendly Greetings.*

THREE PINTS A DAY.

A doctor, walking one day near a country workhouse, saw one of the inmates seated by the roadside. He was an old but intelligent-looking man, so he addressed him thus: "Well, my good sir, what brought you to the workhouse?" "Because I had not enough to keep me," was the reply. "And what did you work at—what was your trade?" "I was a carpenter by trade, sir." "A carpenter. I thought a carpenter earned good wages." "Yes; very fair wages." "Then I infer that you were improvident. Perhaps you were rather intemperate?" "Oh, no," returned the man, somewhat indignantly; "I never took more than three pints a day." "Oh, you never took more than three pints a day," repeated the doctor. And he took a piece of paper and a pencil out of his pocket. "For how long did you drink three pints a day as a regular thing?" "Well, let me see," mused the carpenter; "say I began when I was twenty." "And how old are you now?" "I'm eighty now." "That means you were taking three pints a day for sixty years." And the doctor worked out a sum with pencil and paper. "You need not have been here, my friend. If you had put by the money you spent in beer, and let it lie at compound interest, you would now have had over £3,000!"

STRIKER STOWE'S WAY.

For years Striker Stowe, a tall, powerful Scotchman, had held the position of "boss striker" at the steel works. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule.

But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had become religious; and, sure enough, when pressed to take a drink, he said:

"I shall never drink mair, lads. No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God."

The knowing ones smiled, and said: "Wait a bit. Wait until hot weather—until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel-pit, he will give in. He can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring off in streams; yet he seemed never be tempted to drink.

Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening, I stopped and spoke to him. "Stowe," said I, "you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," said he, emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Weel, just this way. It's now tan o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Weel, to-day is the twentieth o' the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar, right near the twenty. From eight till nine He kep' me, and I put down another dot. From nine till tan he's kep' me, an' noo I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these, I pray, 'O Lord, help me—help me to fight it for another hour.'"

"How long shall you keep this up?" I inquired.

"All o' my life," was the earnest reply. "It keeps me sae full o' peace an' happiness that I wouldn't gie it up for anything. It is as if he took me by the hand, and said, "Wark awa,' Striker Stowe, I'm wi' ye. Dinna be fearfu'. You teck care o' yeer regular wark, and I'll see to the de'il an' the thirst, and they shallna trouble ye."—*H. C. Pearson, in the Contributor.*

REWARD FOR A SON'S DEATH.

Mr. Zwemer, of the Arabian mission at Aden, writes in *The Mission Field* of certain facts which show that the Gospel is reaching Moslems in various parts of the world and bringing them to Christ. One incident which he gives is so striking that we present it entire:

"Some time ago there was a young Mohammedan, the son of a great Mohammedan saint and doctor, who had great anxiety of soul because of sin. He read the Koran through and through without finding light, when he found in it an expression referring to the Old Testament and the New Testament. The thought came into this young man's heart, 'If I can only get possession of a Bible, I might get what I need.' Most wonderfully, two ladies happened to be in the district, and he got what he wanted. He began with the Gospel of St. John, and by the time he got to the third chapter he was a free man and desirous of throwing off Mohammedanism. When his father heard of it, he offered a reward of 500 rupees to any one who would kill his son, and 200 to any one who would bring him the good news. For two years I had to watch over that young man, and then his father found him, and with much difficulty we managed to keep him safe. At last the old man went back with a New Testament. A year after he came and said that he had brought together other mullahs and read it to them. He also said: 'We have noticed that this is the New Testament; that shows me there must be an Old Testament, and they have sent me to get the Old Testament.' I had the pleasure of giving him one, and just before I left he came with his son and said: 'The God of my son, whom I wished to murder, is now my God; baptize me, too, into the faith of Christ.'"

THE RESTFUL YOKE.

Mark Guy Pearse tells us of an incident which occurred in connection with a sermon of his on Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy laden:

"I had finished my sermon, when a good man came to me and said, 'I wish I had known what you were going to preach about; I could have told you something.'

"'Well, my friend,' I said, 'it is very good of you. May I have it still?'

"'Do you know why his yoke is light, sir? If not, I think I can tell you.'

"'Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose.'

"'No, sir,' he explained, shaking his head; 'I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home I used to drive the oxen in my father's yoke, and the yoke was never made to balance, sir, as you said.' (I had referred to the Greek word. But how much better it was to know the real thing.)

"He went on triumphantly: "Father's yokes were always made heavier on the one side than the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock in along side of a strong bullock, and the light end would come on the weak bullock, because the stronger one had the heavy part of it on his shoulder.'

"Then his face lit up as he said, 'That is why the yoke is easy and the burden is light—because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon his shoulder.'"

"So shall ye find rest to your soul."

DOING AND PLANNING.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

A useful man to Stonewall Jackson was old Miles, the Virginia bridge-builder. One day the Union troops had retreated, and burned a bridge across the Shenandoah. Jackson, determined to follow them, summoned Miles.

"You must put all your men on that bridge," said he; "they must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight. My engineer shall furnish you with the plan, and you can go right ahead."

Early next morning Jackson met the old bridge-builder.

"Well," said the general, "did the engineer give you a plan for the bridge?"

"General," returned Miles slowly, "the bridge is done. I don't know whether the picter is or not!"

We want a few more men of the Miles order. They do not plan, but work. In the name of all the humanities, let us have fewer plans and more bridges, shorter red-tape and longer bits of flannel; and, if possible, less bitter cry and more wool on poor people's backs. Measureless oceans of talk are not equal to a single cup of cold water really given in Christ's name.

A THIEF IN A BAG.

The late Earl of Shaftesbury, well known for his kindness to the poor, once lost his watch while walking in Whitechapel, a low neighborhood in London. He advertised his loss, as he valued his watch because of certain associations.

Within 23 hours his household was aroused by a violent ring and knock at the street door, and the noise of a vehicle was heard hurrying away in the distance. On opening the front door, a bag was found filled with something that moved. On examining the bag, a boy of the Artful Dodger class was found, tied hand and foot and gagged. Round his neck was the missing watch, and underneath was a placard with the words:

"Look him up, mi Lord; he'as disgrace to our profession; he orter know as how yer Lordship was free of the ward; giv' 'im five years' hard.—Yer Friends."

The boy had been captured and sent back by the thieves of Whitechapel.

The Earl did not take the advice of his "friends." He reformed the Artful Dodger, and the boy finally became a light of the London Shoeblack Brigade.

A CANADIAN HEROINE.

On the north shore of Lake Superior, not very far from Prince Arthur's Landing, was a large granite rock, about twenty square yards in area, which stood directly in the line of steamers and coasters passing up and down the lake. It stood only a few feet above the water level, and as eight or ten ships had struck against it on dark nights and in thick weather, going almost immediately to the bottom, the Dominion Government decided to build a lighthouse upon it. The building was made of stout oak timber and the whole structure was secured to heavy stringers, which were bolted and fastened to the rock as firmly as architectural skill could devise. The top of the lantern was made of heavy sheets of copper, riveted firmly together; the bars of hammered steel and the panes, which were diamond shaped, were of glass nearly half an inch thick. The light was a revolving red-and-white, flashing one a minute, and the machinery was built of steel, brass, and Swedish iron, the whole, weighing eight or ten tons, stood on the top floor of the tower.

That part of the coast where the island lay was so dangerous and the sea ran so high over the rocks in a gale that the government sought long for a keeper and could not find one with courage enough to undertake so perilous a duty. But at last Joshua Alcott accepted the government's offer, taking with him his daughter Gypsy, who was just sixteen years old, and all his worldly goods, out to the desolate rock. The lighthouse lay about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, but there were not many days in the fall that a small boat could land at the rock. Gypsy Alcott and her father moved there in August when the weather was calm; nevertheless, when the wind rose at night during the first month's residence there and the sea whooped and boomed about the base of the tower, the father and daughter trembled with dread.

One day late in September the light keeper and his daughter got into their little boat and rowed to the nearest settlement. The father had some business to do a couple of miles distant in the settlement, and as they hauled the boat up the dock he said to his daughter:

"Now, Gypsy, I shall be back in a couple of hours, so do not be far from here when I get back. We cannot trust the weather, and it isn't looking very well now." Then he hurried away, and Gypsy ran off to visit some of her friends. She visited three or four houses during the next hour and then the sky grew dark. Great armies of clouds gathered to windward and trooped across the heavens, and up the lake the storm had struck the water, turning the blue, drowsy surface into racing white caps.

When Gypsy noticed this she started up and exclaimed:

"Oh, the storm is rising and papa cannot get back before it is too rough to cross to the lighthouse. I will row over alone. Someone come and help me to launch the boat." Her friends advised her to remain until her father came, but she said it was going to be a wild night and the lamps must be lighted.

Three or four of the villagers followed her down the dock, but when they reached there the wind was whistling and shrieking and the lake between the shore and the island had been already roused by the wind. One of the villagers said:

"My girl, your boat can't live to reach the island now; look at those white caps. Better wait until your father comes back."

"But it will be worse soon; I want to get off at once; will not one of you," looking appealingly at the group, "row across with me, four oars are so much quicker than two?" But no one responded to her request, and two of them were moving away homeward, when Gypsy cried out passionately:

"I suppose you will help me launch my boat?" Still they made no sign to assist her, and running impetuously at the boat, she gave it a strong push, which sent it down the spruce ways and into the boiling surf.

"Look here, girl," shouted the oldest man in the party, "no skiff can live out in that sea now; wait for your father."

"It will get worse, and by the time papa comes it will be impossible to go over; I must be there to light the lights," and saying this she pushed the boat out with her pole, then sat upon the thwart, seized her sculls, and rowed out into the angry water. She made a very brave picture with the drift of the spray driving over her like a rainstorm, her hair loosened in the wind like a dark flag. The waves rolled so as to strike the boat on the side, so when she saw a billow larger than the rest she pulled her little skiff around to meet it head on, and the tiny cockle mounted the roaring crest like a water fowl. She had had much experience in rowing on the lake in smooth as well as pretty rough water, so now in the teeth of this fierce gale, she handled the oars with a sure, steady grip and the boat responded to every pressure of her wrist. The fishermen stood together as they saw the brave girl move further and further out through the roaring storm and drift. They felt ashamed of themselves for their cowardice for refusing to go in the boat with this young lion-hearted girl; but they shuddered as they saw the great white-topped billows rolling toward the little boat and every minute threatening to swamp it.

As for Gypsy she had no fear, though the foam swept over her boat in a constant stream, and it was half full of water. Any faltering of her nerves would now be fatal, and she kept constantly watching the seas, which every minute were growing more furious, and swinging her skiff around to meet them head-to. The sun had set, and in the gloom which began to gather over the noisy water she could see the rock and the lighthouse not far away looming darkly through the spray. Two or three shipments of water over the low quarter and then the girl was in the shelter of the rock.

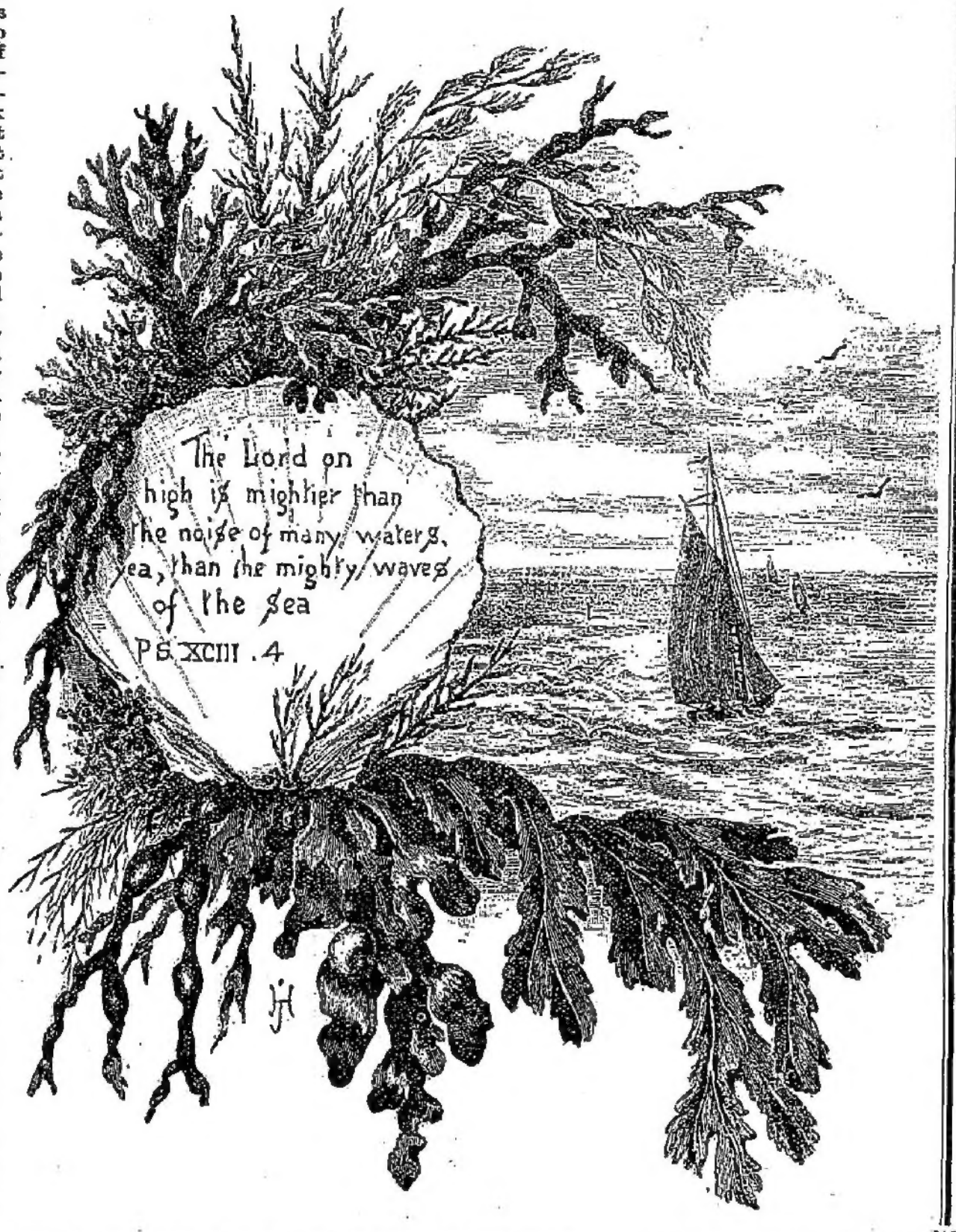
Springing lightly from the bow and carrying the painter with her she ran up to the windlass and drew her boat high out of the water and secured it as firmly as she could. The sea had already commenced to boom against the rock and at each shock columns of spray were flung up to half the height of the tower on the windward side. The evening was made so dark by the storm that Gypsy knew the light should be lighted at once; moreover she could just see about a half a mile to windward a ship whose course lay along by the island. She tripped lightly up to the tower, the wind shrieking by the building, and in a few minutes the ruddy light gleamed out upon the sea. Then as the darkness deepened, the ship showing her lights, passed safely by the ledge under close reefed sails and Gypsy felt herself all alone in the midst of this wilderness of raging sea. When the great iron weight was wound up and the lantern panes wiped, she set the fans of the balance wheels to regulate the revolution of the flashes and went down to the basement of the tower. There she laid upon the table some cold lake fowl, bread and butter and then brewed herself a pot of fragrant coffee.

As we know she was brave, so she did not mind the prospect of having to stay alone all night on this rock, but the sea grew more tumultuous every moment and the wind howled louder and louder. Before supper was ended she knew the maddened waters had burst over the rock and were striking the tower, for she could feel it quiver. She sat there for nearly two hours reading a book, but the fury of the gale increased constantly and the tower shook so violently under the pounding of the thundering sea that she grew alarmed and, closing her book, took her brass lamp and went up to the lantern to look out to sea. She stood upon the trimming path or grated iron footway that ran around inside the lantern. The piercing light shining upon the sea revealed such a state of tumult that her heart almost stopped beating. The waves rolled and foamed and smoked one after another, moving in ranks toward the little rock like some terrible army. As each one struck it flung up its arms of cold, white spray, as if grabbing at the tower, then it recoiled backward, like a runner who retreats before making a spring, and reared up again, each time going higher and drawing nearer to the top of the tower. Hour after hour she sat there, spell-bound with terror, and the raving ocean seemed constantly to rise higher and draw nearer to her. Birds driven from their nook by the gale rose upon the murky tempest, flying headlong toward the streaming light, striking the lantern with sharp blows and falling backward stunned or dead. Other birds flew more cautiously toward the lantern and came peering through the pane with wild, affrightened eyes, gently fluttering their wings.

She had not now the courage to go down to the basement, but remained there on the trimming path, actually fascinated by the rampant sea. Higher and higher rose the waves till now they began to surge against the waist of the tower, and hogsheads of water were flung against the lantern. Under some of the onsets the building quivered from top to bottom, and sometimes fairly reeled. The machinery of steel and brass clattered under a heavy shock, and under the smaller ones rang like a number of little bells. She stood there with her face white as one of the foamy waves, her hands against the heavy steel bars, looking seaward, and not moving except when she turned to trim a lamp or empty the burnt oil from a brimming save-all. She remained in the lantern till probably an hour before dawn; then the gale swelled into greater fury, and the storm went howling and bellowing past, as if ten thousand condemned spirits had burst loose and went floating by on the hurricane.

The swells grew longer and seemed to roll from the very bottom, and then ran nimbly and noiselessly up the rock, up the tower, and flung their cold, white arms with a swishy yet thunderous sound completely around the lantern, almost throwing the heavy machinery from its place at every sally. Then, as she still gazed to windward out into the gray drift, she uttered a great cry, "Oh, God, deliver me," for she saw a mighty wave towering nearly twice as high as any of the rest, rolling, foaming, and storming at its crest, moving toward the rock. As it drew nearer it grew larger, and when it had reached within twenty feet of the lighthouse it seemed as if the whole lake had gathered itself up for one onslaught upon the rock. She had very little time to wait, for the awful invader combed and curled several feet above her head, and then fell with a crash of terrible thunder upon the tower. Then the light seemed to go out of her eyes, and she felt as one does in some turbulent dream; she could not tell how anything happened; but the cold lake water gurgling at her lips brought her to consciousness. The Tower was in the sea.

It had broken away close at the base, the posts breaking off short, and leaving part of the floor still fastened to the rock. The upper part of the tower being heavy—



"THE DECENT FOLKS' SIN."

John Grant was a Scotchman, leal-hearted and true,
A blacksmith to trade, good work he could do,
Obliging and steady, he ne'er tasted drink,
And he smoked but an ounce in the week, I think.

Katie, his wife, had a face fresh and fair,
And to John, no woman with her could compare.
A true loving couple, not the least of their joys
Was that they had been blessed with two sturdy boys!

But in fairest of "Edens" a serpent may lurk;
And John comin' in one night from his work,
Was confounded to find Katie's face bathed in tears;
He stood quite amazed, with a mind full of fears.

Then strode forward, and gently lifting her head,
"What ails ye, my lass," he anxiously said,
Katie lifted her apron, her wet cheeks to wipe,
And out fell tobacco, some matches, a pipe.

"John, oot oor Rob's pocket a' got they the nicht,
An' I'm fear'd he'll gang wrang, for he's no daen richt."
"Whesht, Katie, ma woman, nae greetin', hoot toot,
About the young scoundrel ne'er pit yersel' oot."

"An' besides," John went on with a smile on his face,
"That's no sic a sin, or a deedly disgrace,
Tacey's weel patronized by maist decent folks,
No to gang very far—Oor Minister smokes."

As John uttered these words Katie sprang to her feet,
"Ye ca' it 'nae sin!' and ye wonder a' greet;
It's a decent folk's sin! an' ye're gaun wi' the lave,
Nor seekin' frae evils yer laddie to save.

"Oor minister smokes! o' that there's nae doot,
Puir Rob telled me that, juist afore he ran oot,
But it's off to the manse this night a' will gang,
It's no be ma faut if ma laddie gangs wrang."

Dumfounded was John, he had ne'er seen his wife
In such an excitement in their married life.
He went round the corner, and there he did wait,
Till he saw Katie enter the minister's gate.
Then he went to his "study" and there stopped to think,

"Katie's no that far wrang, smokin' leads aft to drink;
'A decent folk's sin,' she said, troth that's nae joke;
Smokers disna aye drink, drinkers mainstly aye smoke!"

"'A decent folk's sin,' that's a hard nut to crack;
Sic a tift she was in; a' wush she was back;
A've a gude mind ta fallow her straucht up the brae,
A'm wonderin'—'what will the minister say?"

As Katie was shown to the minister's room,
She nearly grew sick by the heavy perfume
Coming in from the garden, the window ajar,
Where the minister smoked his evening cigar.

With a frank smile he entered poor Katie to greet,
"How are you to-night, Mrs. Grant? Take this seat,
But the moment his eyes on Katie's face fell,
He said, "What's the matter? I hope you're all well?"

"We're a' weel, sir! thank ye! but a'm sair put aboot,
This nicht John an' me, hae fairly cast oot."
So Katie began—no time did she waste,
But plunged into her story with desperate haste;

Telling what she had found in Rob's pocket that nicht,
And she said "A' told John, ye're no daein richt,
In smokin' yersel; and maitters tae mend."
There Kate's heart beat as her story did end.
He said, "Tacey's patroneezed by most decent folks,
No to gang very far, oor minister smokes."

Mr. Martin's face flushed, hesitating he said,
"Your moral is plain, and easily read;
And I think you're quite right every means to employ,
For keeping temptation away from your boy.

But as for him smoking, 'tis but a boy's trick,
He'll soon give it up, whene'er he turns sick;
It's true smoking often has led on to drink;
But it cannot do that with abstainers, I think.

John and I are abstainers; there's no need for alarm,
And all that I smoke, can do nobody harm;
A small mild cigar in the evening just serves
To give rest to my brain, and to soothe all my nerves,
And fits me for study, or sermons to write;
For you see, Mrs. Grant, my work is not light."

With the air of a queen, Katie rose from her chair
And she said, "Mr. Martin, these words a' can't bear,"
And she stretched forth her hand, her eyes flashing with light,

"At this moment a picture appears in ma sight,
"Of the time when oor Saviour's blessed feet trode
This earth, when he entered the temple of God,
And that which defiled, he o'erthrew—he o'er turned,
While anger within his holy soul burned.

"Ensamples to Christians—to others ye live.
Ye are his servants—his message ye give;
As ye study his word, or seek guidance in prayer,
Do you need a cigar for his work to prepare?"

Mr. Martin, like John, never uttered a sound,
But sat with bent head, his eyes on the ground,
While repenting—shamed thoughts flashed through his brain,
But his better self rose in the midst of his pain

A gentle tap then was heard at the door,
It opened, and honest John stood on the floor;
A look to Katie, the next at the minister's face,
Who said, as he rose, with his own ready grace—

"A mother in Israel your wife is to be,
Thank God for the sermon she has preached to me;
Now a promise I'll make, and to it I'll stand,
Will you join with me, John?" John gave him his hand.

"An' that wi' ma heart, sir; the sermon's been plain,
The application's at hand, we'll no seek it in vain!
"No, John, we'll apply it, and none of the folks
From this time will say that the minister smokes."

I. M. BRUCE.

VISITED UPON OUR CHILDREN.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

(On a trip up the Hudson, this eminent divine saw an affecting sight, a tipsy man at whom the crowds were laughing. A decent, middle-aged man looked on so pityingly that the doctor drew him out, and at last he told his own story about as follows.)

He was born and bred—I use almost his own language—on a farm in Ulster, Ireland, of that class, which, while its members are but tenants, have held by a tenure so secure that they feel as independent as freeholders. He had little taste for farming; disliked the irksomeness of work and of watching little things; and this he saw was the only way to live on a farm. If it were not that the families generally did the work within themselves, and worked hard at that, they could not live.

He married a wife, a nice girl, who had served her time to a dressmaker, who shared his feeling, and they set up a little business. It was in the market town close by his own place.

"My people, said he, "were respectable, and I got credit to start with; but I did not know the ways of the trade. My old neighbors used to drop in, and my wife and myself wished to be kindly, and we had a deal of treating, and this cost money, and we soon ran behind in rent, in our bills, in every way.

"I could not bear to go down there, and we managed to sell out, pay part, and promise the rest, for our creditors knew who we were, and we moved to Glasgow. Were you ever in Glasgow?"

"Yes," I said, "I know Glasgow very well."

"Then you know how many mills, and works, and shops it has, and how crowded the people are together. You may think the change it was to us to go into two rooms in the High street, and have nothing but these to ourselves. But necessity has no law. I got work, and we paid a little of our debt, and I was getting a rise in wages, and we had two nice children. They have in Glasgow what they call the fair every July; for a week little work is done, pleasure is the only thing; and oh! it is too often pleasure like that poor fellow's drinking, men and women, aye, and children; why, I have seen men and women in the broad daylight lying dead drunk on Glasgow Green, and nobody seeming to mind it! Somebody had to stay at the works this week, and I was glad to earn the money. At six I came home, meaning to take Bessie, that was her name, a walk; but when I came home she was out, and the two children were by themselves and crying dreadfully. I did the best I could, put them in bed, and went to look for Bessie. I found her . . . like that man, only worse. She did not know me—could not speak. The women with her were drunk too.

"If somebody had run a knife into me it could not have been so bad. Then I found from the publican that it was not the first time. I had bills to pay, and it was not the last. I used to take a drink myself, not to be drunk, but this stopped me. I never tasted it again; please God, I never will.

"From that on it grew worse—money it seemed bought little or nothing. I had no heart to work, no heart to come home, no heart to look at the children; but I earned and tried hard with Bessie. I got a minister to come, got her to promise against it, got her clothes to go out; but it was no use; if she was doing better a while, one of these drinking times, when everybody seemed to go that way, would come, and things would be as bad as ever.

"Then I thought if I left the place and came here to America it would be better, and she promised me it would. I saved the money. I sold my watch, and we came. It was useless. It seemed as if she had become another woman. Her natural affection left her. She would take the children's clothes and sell them for drink. It made her mad and it killed her. We had a little boy, our baby; and she was found dead, when I was at work, with the child, we called him Thomas for my father, sitting on the floor by her trying to awaken her."

He took longer to tell this than I have done, for he could not keep back the tears. I expressed my sympathy with him.

"Thank you, sir," he replied. "That's years ago, but I can't forget it yet. Only there's one thing, I never said a hard word to Bessie; thank God, I never did," said he, and I could well believe it as I looked at the honest face. "But oh! when I think of her going before her maker in that way!" he added with flowing tears.

"Well, I hope," I said, "the children will be a comfort to you."

There was a long pause before he spoke, and then it was with so much evident pain that I regretted my words.

"One," said he, "the second, is;—she is a good child. The oldest is not steady: I can do nothing with her; and my boy, the little boy I told you about, can't be kept from drink. That's my trouble now. I gave up the place I had in Jersey, and I am going out to Ohio, to a town where I am told liquor is not to be had, to try to save him. It breaks my heart a second time; and I can't altogether blame him, for at the time I took some, and his mother took too much, and it looks as if it was put into his very nature, so that he couldn't help it. Oh, sir," he said, turning to me directly, and becoming eloquent in his vehement feeling; "fathers and mothers ought to be told when they are drinking they are putting the desire into their children that will ruin them, and they will be scourged with the whip they themselves make."

We parted with some words of hope to him, some entreaty that he would not even yet lose heart, but believe in the Saviour from sin, direct his children to him, and get strength from him. If he sees this page he will know that I am trying to act on his honest, true words. Oh, that they could be put into the ear and heart of men and women in Ireland, in Scotland—where "Glasgow Fair" is a national disgrace—in England, in America! Who would not wish for abstinence societies, tracts and books, ministers' sermons, young people's pledges, humane laws! One almost cries out for anything that would stop this slow, cruel murder of home-love, of men, of women, of little children, of hope, of peace, of immortal souls! One little bit of the misery is "a thing to cry over," but what pity and indignation should move us as we look at the whole field of horrors, the outraged, the mangled, the dying, and the dishonored dead!

THE LORD'S TREASURY.

BY ELLA A. DRINKWATER.

On each side of the doors of a certain Sunday-school room are placed boxes bearing the inscription, "The Lord's Treasury."

One afternoon, at the close of the school, one of the teachers paused, blocking the way of those behind her, to drop her contribution, remarking in a loud aside:

"I never see Miss Goldsmith give anything here, for all her talk in favor of missions."

"If she ever does give," was our monitor reply, "she does it when she enters the room, and every one's back is towards her."

If any one in the school had known how small was the amount of spending money Miss Goldsmith possessed, they would scarcely have credited the disclosure; nevertheless, she was constantly dropping her mite into the Lord's treasury.

One of the boys in her class was losing his interest in the prayer-meeting. She had heard him envy another boy the possession of a little red hymn-book used in the meeting. After long deliberation that would have been ludicrous over so small a sum had it not been so serious a matter to her, she gave him the book; and every Thursday evening she sees him in his place, eagerly watching for the number of the hymn to be given.

One of the young men's Bible class made a skeptical remark about the Bible,—an apparently honest doubt. As such remarks were not allowed in the class,—nor was its teacher fitted to cope with them,—Miss Goldsmith pondered how she might help him, and finally succeeded in deducting from something—her simple food, it may be—the price of "The Bible and Other Ancient Literature in the Nineteenth Century," which she sent to him, and was told by his sister, that, when she made his bed, she found the little book under his pillow, where he had been reading it the night before.

Hearing of the sickness of a poor old man, who was once a successful Sunday-school superintendent, she brought more pressure to bear upon her purse, and sends him a religious journal every week. His crippled hands will not allow him to turn its pages; but, as he turns them with his tongue, does he doubt that her fifty-two cents a year are cast into the Lord's treasury?

The Lord's treasury, although including both of these, is deeper than the home mission, broader than the foreign mission, and is without inscription.

Not the missionary cause less, but, as we have opportunity, more.—*Sunday-school Times.*

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